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(ORIGINAL.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

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IMMOLIN.

—
AN ORIGINAL TALE.

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MOURNFULLY on the breeze came the sound of the death-bell, the deep roared arches of the monastery prolonged the sound, and the adjacent hills reverberated to the mournful peal.—The inhabitants of St. Omer wept, for they were about to inshrine, one who was its list of friends, ranked foremost. The Countess St. Orville had for many years been its beneficent friend and benefactress, and dying, had requested to be buried within its hallowed walls.—It was on this occasion, that sorrow now reigned around, & wore its gloomiest aspect. On the evening of the sixth day, the funeral procession entered the Abbey and the corse was interred with all the pomp that monastic rules admitted. The Countess of St. Orville had for many years previous to her death, lived a life of piety and peace; on the decease of an husband, who in life, had claimed her undivided affection, and whose memory she regarded with reverence, she retired from the gay vanities of life, and sought an expiation

of her past follies, in the bosom of retirement; follies they might justly be styled, for none bore the stigma of crime: but educated in the strict principles of the Catholic Religion, she became now zealous even to a fault. Immolin, her only child, she had trained up from infancy, in the strictest rules of piety, and now removed from every temptation, which the world could offer, she endeavored to instil into her pliant mind more of heaven than earth. She would sit whole hours, and tell her of the fading vanities of life, and that it was a world, where the tempter was continually going about seeking whom he might devour. A soul, she would say, that lives in the midst of the allurements of the world, though it may at first be only a spectator, and shrinks with horror when it sees almost all around it, kneeling alternately, before the altars of folly and crime; will itself, in time, become tainted, and forget to render unto God the things which are due.

Immolin had ever been a sentimentalist, and now listening to the precepts of her Mother, whom she esteemed as an oracle of truth, she abjured every feeling of the world, and had become a rapt enthusiast. Years rolled on, and there was no interruption to their reign of superstition; but the hour of mortality drew near, and the Countess was

about to descend into the valley of death. She called once more for her child; Immolin, said she, I am about to leave you, forget not the precepts of thy Mother, nor the examples which she has ever given you, for I have earnestly prayed that they may not have been bestowed in vain: a few more hours and my journey of life is terminated, therefore listen attentively to my last instructions.—In yourself, and me, you behold the remnants of a noble family, and at my death you will remain sole inheritor. It will then be in your power to return to the gay metropolis, and mingle with the triflers of the world: you will bask in the sunshine of prosperity, and consequently will ever be exposed to the flattery of sycophants, and every feeling of vanity will constantly be aroused by the syren voice of adulation; but beware my child in listening too ardently to the songs of pleasure, beware of the delusions of the world. Oh! Immolin, exclaimed the hollow voice of the dying, you are now innocent, and if contrary to the good instructions I have ever given you, if forgetful of the prayers which has daily ascended to heaven for your preservation, you fall from that, remember, the avenging angel is at hand, and will one day ask retribution. She paused for a moment, and then added, in that small box, (presenting Immolin with a key,) are letters which on being presented will insure you a protectress and guide; be assured I have not written them to lure you to the temptation, but in order that if such be your inclination, you may not enter on the stage of fashionable life, alone and unprotected. But if on the other hand, you despise these fading glories of an hour, and turn thy attention to cleansing and purifying thy soul, thou may'st one day render it a sanctuary fit for the divinity to dwell in. But thou canst alone do it in the shades of retirement, removed from the lure of life, and from all the noisy tumults of the world. The advantages of such a situation are more than my feeble tongue can utter, for they seem with not only the present, but the future

good. She here suddenly paused; death had infix'd his arrow, and the last words she gave her Immolin, were, consecrate thy days to heaven, and St. Omer.

From those who watched beside the bed, tears now flowed fast upon the lifeless body, and Immolin now feeling herself for the first time friendless and alone, gave way to the most unbounded sorrow; she kneeled beside the corse and prayed heaven for its protection, she remembered the sin of murmuring, and her pious mind became in some measure tranquillized; and on the day of interment she followed the corse in silent resignation. In the endearing tenderness of the abbess, she almost fancied she had again her mother, and in the instructions of a pious sisterhood, her woes found consolation. She acceded to the proposal of a year's probation, at the expiration of which, she determined on taking the veil. Morning and evening she now entered the Chapel, and performed with the Nuns their accustomed devotions. She heard the voices of a numerous sisterhood, bounding on the sacred hymn to heaven; the very air appeared to her to breathe of piety, and she felt as if already in a state of communion with the blest. She would gaze around on the assembly thus employed, and fancy them as somewhat super-human.

There were many of the Nuns that Immolin thought extremely beautiful, but her eyes after wandering on each, always became fixed on the fine face of sister Clara, and they sometimes rested on it with a gaze, which the Nun disliked, and always let fall her veil. Her features were regularly beautiful, and a deep melancholy which misfortune had almost rendered a scowl, gave every beholder an interest in her fate, and few looked at her without sighing. Immolin had often thought, she saw a tear glisten on her veil, and her eye flash indignation, on the gloomy cowl of superstition. Time passed by and months rolled on in succession, and she could never learn the history of Clara. A superiority which she seem-

ed to have acquired over the sisterhood, deterred any of them from holding immediate converse with her, and they on this account, denominated her a churl, of a soured and morose disposition. Immolin at length joined in the opinion, and seldom thought of her, excepting as a Convent Beauty, for such (notwithstanding they disliked her) she was designated by her companions. Time flew swiftly by, and with our heroine he passed on downy wings. Daily did she enter the cemetery of the dead, and repeat her vows at their tombs. One day leaning over the grave of her Mother, she softly murmured, shade of the lamented dead I have yielded obeisance to thy wishes; six months of the probationary years has already passed, and a few more swift winged hours, and I yield myself the bride of Heaven.

Happy in this enthusiastic idea, Immolin felt every feeling of her soul harmonize in the reflection; she looked back on the inhabitants of the Monastery, and to her, they appeared all happy in the path they were pursuing. She staid ruminating on the sweet serenity of the present, and the certain bliss of the future, until the soft tolling of the Vesper-bell aroused her attention. It sounded in her ear, not as the death peal of pleasure, of liberty, of all which gives a zest to life, but with the soft persuasive tongue of eloquence, it seemed to invite her to a ceremony, which her enthusiasm termed piety, but which in reality was leading her to the worship of an unknown God. She arose, and pressing a small crucifix to her lips, devoutly repeated the ancient motto of St. Ursula, "By this cross will I conquer." She entered the Chapel, an humble, lowly-minded devotee, & every feeling of her soul was attuned in harmony. She knew of but one unfortunate, and that was sister Clara; she saw in fancy the pale dejected countenance of the Nun, which fully spoke all was not right within; why, thought she, is not her heart as mine is at this moment; at peace with itself and the world: looking around she saw that for

the first time the Nun was absent; she knew that indisposition must have detained her from this almost indispensable duty, and therefore from motives of curiosity, as well as real kindness, she determined on retiring from worship to go to her cell, anxious if possible to learn (and losing no opportunity of discovering,) what sorrow could have imprinted so deep a gloom, on so lovely a face. But scarcely was the common duty of the day concluded, when the death-bell was heard to toll, and masses were ordered to be chaunted, for the repose of some passing spirit; for the Abbot had that very day seen the form of one pass before him, and a vision had assured him, that some soul was about to enter into its rest, and receive the reward of its labours. Immolin hastened from the Chapel, and in crossing one of the cloisters met the Nun Bertha, of whom she inquired whether she knew of any within the convent, who was at that time very ill; at that moment a melancholy peal sounded thro' the vaulted roof, and the Nun replied with a look of terror, no! this funeral warning is perhaps for me; or for me, said Immolin! Bertha shook her head, and pausing for a moment, as if memory was taking a retrospect of dark deeds, she mechanically crossed herself, and counting her beads with rapidity, darted past Immolin, who turned and sorrowing said, can the thoughts of death to a Nun appear terrific? Methinks he would seem as an angel of light; by this time she had reached the cell of Clara, and gently tapping, the feeble voice of the sick, bade her enter; she did so, but almost started on perceiving the melancholy place; in her own apartment was furniture, which in some measure accorded with her rank, but in this appeared desolation. One solitary lamp glimmered a feeble ray, and in one corner on a miserable bed lay the Nun, or rather the shadow of an human being. Her dark eye had lost its wonted fire, but on the appearance of Immolin, it once more lighted up its look of pride, and with a cold melancholy smile, she noticed her evident

surprise. Novice, exclaimed she, this is a mean reception, but it is all that a Nun of St. Omer can ever give you. Immolin advanced and endeavored to soothe by telling her, she had not entered a Monastery in search of grandeur; she had left that behind her, but to avoid the follies of the world, and to be freed from its temptations, and that she had visited her in order if possible to console the afflicted, and the — dying said Clara quickly, you are right; but you are an unwelcome visitor, if you come to console me in the gross language of superstition; this is an hour when I need no consolation, for thanks to the cold hand of death, with friendly summons, he assures me I shall soon be beyond the reach of torment. The Novice listened with astonishment to what she fancied was the effusions of a frenzied brain, while the Nun continued. This is an hour of truth, and Father, she cried, lifting up her hands in pious ejaculation, "I have sinned against heaven and against thee; but I will now declare the goodness, and the wonderful things which thou hast done for my soul, this is now the confession of death, and my long silence has been the silence of pride; but thou can'st forgive. A lingering death would have been the punishment of the heretic, and I should have been exposed a warning spectacle to the rest of those unhappy wretches, whom error or misfortune has led into the narrow path of bigotry; for Romish superstition would have refused this unoffending body a few paces of its meanest earth to cover it, but why should I have feared this evil, when into thy hands I commend my spirit?" Novice of St. Omer, said she, turning to Immolin, I die an heretic to your faith. It is in your power even now to inflict the awful punishment which I have so much dreaded; but you may do it, and my dying voice shall not curse you, for the haughtiness of my soul is subdued, and the idea no longer wounds my pride. Immolin knelt down by her, and with a kind yet reproachful eye, dear Clara said she though you have uttered strange words,

yet look not on me as on an enemy, for be assured as far as it is in my power, I will serve you, and to your latest hour will perform the offices of disinterested friendship. The Nun took her offered hand, and burst into tears. Professions of friendship and kindness I have been so long unaccustomed to, that though they sound as grateful as would the music of the spheres, the melancholy idea recurs that they cannot now be of use. But my fancy so long inured the scenes of misery, willing to grasp even at a gleam of light casts a retrospective eye back on happiness which I have once known, and the kind soothings of thy voice makes me feel as if again in the presence of one who loves me. But I grieve that thou art a fanatic. I have listened to thy rhapsodies, I have seen thee gaze with ecstasy on the various ceremonies with which this convent abounds, and thy speaking eye has called it piety; I have seen thee pacing with pensive step, the romantic landscape that surrounds St. Omer, and at that hour, when the sun is verging on the edge of the horizon, when his last rays shed their fading glories on the glittering spires of our Abbey, I have seen thee gaze with so exquisite a delight, that I have turned from thee and wept. Unfortunate child I have said, thou know'st not the sorrows that await thee. The probationary year is a year of ease, I may say of happiness; but when once this hated veil pronounces thee a Nun, farewell to all the blissful ideas which floated round thy brain, for they were visions, whose realities thou wilt never find: sorrow will clasp thee in her embrace. Despair will present her bitter cup, and long ere life shall have lingered out its term, thou wilt have drained it to the dregs.

ELLA.

(To be continued.)

It requires the labour of many years, for a nation to regain the losses sustained by one year's war; especially in the morals of the people.

THE WINTER VISIT;

OR,

The Gratification which arises from an ample Fortune being attached to a benevolent Disposition.

THOUGH the wise Disposer of all events has so ordered the work of creation, that each season is capable of producing its separate enjoyments, yet there are a certain set of dissatisfied mortals, who murmur and repine at the ordinations of Providence, and when Nature is no longer clad in a garb of attractive loveliness, imagine that Winter is incapable of affording any gratification. Though the opening blossoms of spring never fail to inspire the most enlivening sensations, and the promising profusion of summer produces the most grateful ideas, whilst the rich and luxuriant tints of autumn afford a mixture of thankfulness and delight to the imagination, yet, I confess, my heart never experiences a more gratifying emotion than when participating in domestic society in the depth of Winter.

I consider a fire-side as a magnet which attracts the social affections, and expands them with a warmth, similar to that which it imparts; and whenever I join a family circle at this season, I find an undefinable sensation of pleasure run through my heart.

I have been led to make these observations from the effect which a recently paid visit produced upon my mind, to a friend, from whom I had been many years separated, by circumstances, not of sufficient importance to describe. Though this season, it must be allowed, is not very inviting for travelling, yet as business carried me within twenty miles of the worthy Darlington's country seat, I resolved to gratify my own feelings, and take this worthy fellow by surprise. Cold must be the heart which would not encounter wind and weather for the gratification of taking by the hand a being to whom it had been attached from a mere boy; far different however were my sensations; and tho'

wet from a drizzling rain, my spirit^s were unusually light.

Upon rapping at the door, this sensation was augmented by the sound of music; yet I began to apprehend I should make an uncouth appearance amidst an assemblage of company.— Though fifteen years had made but a trifling alteration in my friend's appearance, still it was evident father time had not dealt so graciously by me; for, until I announced my name, though he received me with cordiality, it was blended with a mixture of ceremony; scarcely, however, had it escaped my lips, when his animated countenance; was overspread with a smile of joy his children, from being well acquainted with it, flocked around me, and seemed to participate in his delight.

The party who had assembled, consisted merely of young persons, invited to celebrate the birth of my friend's eldest daughter, a lovely girl, about nineteen; and as soon as I discovered that both father and mother had joined the young people in dancing, self-invited, I mixed with the juvenile assembly. Never had I experienced greater gratification than in witnessing the mixture of confidence and affection which subsisted between parents and children; yet, in the latter, this conciliating behaviour was blended with refined delicacy and filial respect. I was no less delighted at witnessing the kindness and attention which the poor blind musician received; one carried him ale, another negus, and a third offered to lead him to a seat; circumstances, though trifling in themselves, sufficient to convince me, that humanity and condescension had been impressed upon their ductile minds.

When supper was announced, the dancing concluded; and when the cloth was removed, forfeits became the proposed game; yet pleasure, in this well regulated family, was not permitted to efface the more important duty of religion from their minds; and when the clock struck twelve, the servants received a summons to join in the accustomed devotion of the night.

Upon retiring to my chamber, my mind was completely occupied in reflecting upon that portion of earthly happiness which my friend evidently enjoyed; and so sweet was the sleep which succeeded, that I did not awake until the clock had struck nine. Upon going to my window, which looked into a court-yard at the back of the premises, I perceived Darlington and two men servants busily occupied in delivering billets and faggots to a number of poor men and boys, whose grateful countenances I contemplated with the most refined and pleasurable sensations, involuntarily exclaiming, "Blessed effects of fortune and benevolence!"

Hurrying on my clothes, I soon joined the worthy bestower of one of poverty's most essential comforts, and found, that he annually dispensed his benefits a fortnight before Christmas; alleging as a reason, that several legacies had been left by the once opulent inhabitants of the parish which were given away at that period.

As soon as breakfast was ended, Mrs. D. and her two elder daughters quitted the apartment, and were soon followed by the more youthful group; when my friend and self enjoyed a most confidential conversation for the space of two hours. Upon passing through an extensive hall, my astonishment was excited by seeing it nearly filled with women and children; but, upon directing my eyes towards a small room at the termination of it, my heart glowed with a very different sensation; that excellent woman and her daughters were busily occupied in distributing different kinds of clothing to the needy and industrious; every article of which, my friend, with a smile of exultation, informed me, had been made by his wife & children during the preceding twelve months.

"When we first came into this neighborhood," said my benevolent informer, "which is now near eighteen years, the poor of the parish appeared to have been considered as unworthy of kindness, or commiseration; neglect and scorn seemed to have rendered them

dissolute and refractory; our hedges were broken to pieces, our hen houses robbed; and though each affluent individual participated in these evils, no active measures were taken to have them removed. As soon as I became thoroughly known to the wealthy part of the neighborhood, I ventured to propose raising a subscription for the poor, not only for the purpose of purchasing clothing for the more necessitous, but to improve the morals of the rising generation by putting them to school.—Previous to the proposal, I had not only calculated the sum which would be requisite for the adoption of this judicious measure, but consulted with my wife, whose benevolence of nature induced her, not only to coincide in my ideas, but, to avow herself ready to undertake the active part of my plan, not merely by purchasing the materials for clothing, but making every article with her own hands; which, with the assistance of her servants, she actually did do, until within the last few years, when she has been aided by my girls.

"As I have universally found people more ready to part with their money, than to take any actual trouble upon themselves, my scheme met with very little opposition, and a sufficient sum was raised at our first meeting to try the effect of my plan. The consequences that have arisen from it far exceeded my most sanguine expectation; the lower order of people are not only rendered grateful, but a spirit of industry promoted; for no one is permitted to derive benefit from our private institution who is not faithful to the trust reposed in him, and diligent in his situation."

In this interesting relation, my friend was interrupted by a servant delivering a note into his hand; the purport of which was, to solicit the promised reward for a young girl, whom a lady had taken out of the charity school which was conducted upon Mrs. D's. own plan; and which promised a recompence of two guineas to each member, if, in the course of three years' servitude, they conducted themselves well.

"How sweetly gratifying is the sensation I experience," said the benevolent Darlington, "when I receive such testimonies of the good effects of my scheme, or, I should rather have said, of that excellent creature's!" directing his eyes towards his amiable wife.

Having received Mrs. Darlington's permission to enter an apartment, which I considered sacred to benevolence and charity, I had the pleasure of examining the various articles of her superior judgment and humanity; and never did a birth-day suit afford greater gratification to a young woman, than the sight of these humble articles did to me. My friend, perceiving by my countenance how completely I participated in his enjoyments, beckoned me into the hall, and conducted me through a long passage into a still longer room, in which tables were spread for more than fifty persons.

At this sight I could not avoid congratulating myself at my apropos arrival; but in vain might I attempt to do justice to the interesting scene which followed; the men who, in the morning had received a supply of firing soon reappeared, dressed in their Sunday clothes; whilst the objects of Mrs. Darlington's benevolence were decked in charity's most ostentatious boon. Roast and boiled beef, legs of mutton, and plum-puddings, alternate, smoked on the hospitable boards; when my friend and his wife having said grace at each table, quitted the apartment, leaving their children and servants to perform the office of waiters.

If the preceding evening had afforded me gratification, it was far exceeded by the present one, for the musician's abilities were again called into action, and joy and gratitude illuminated every countenance. Upon enquiring into the sum requisite for this benevolent institution, my astonishment was excited by finding it apparently small; but the entertainment was exclusively given by the worthy Darlington, as an incitement to industry, and a reward. To be unnoticed, was considered both as a disgrace and a misfortune; and within the last

few years was a circumstance which had never occurred; a convincing proof of the morality of their principles, and the grateful sensations of their hearts.

Though a plan so extensively useful could only be adopted in an opulent neighbourhood, yet, upon an inferior scale, something of the kind might be pursued, and the most beneficial consequences expected to arise from it.—Few females, it is to be feared, would be inclined to undertake so arduous a task as Mrs. Darlington; yet, by an alternate exertion in the cause of humanity, the burden would be lightened; and rejoiced should I feel, if the description of my winter excursion should be the means of promoting the practice of benevolence.

It is not that the human heart is naturally prone to callosity, but we are apt to become indifferent to the misfortunes we never felt; and the man of wealth has no juster idea of the privations attendant upon poverty, than he has of objects and situations which he never beheld.

How frequently does the dull uniformity of a country life afford subject of lamentation, both to the indolent and affluent; but could the latter be induced to imitate the benevolent Darlington, what sweet, what gratifying sensations would they then experience? Amidst the dreary scenes of winter, their hearts would glow with gratitude to a merciful and beneficent providence; who, by making them the dispensers of comfort to the afflicted, may be said to impart a foretaste of celestial happiness.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a *bachelor* like an old almanac? Because he is *out of season*.

Why is an *old maid* like a book in sheets? Because she *wants binding*.

Why is a modern *buck of the ton* like a new bound novel? Because he is of *more show than substance*.

Why is a modern *fine lady* like a book not completed? Because she is *bound in boards*.

REFLECTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

STILL the wintry blast roars in the leafless forest, and piles the driven snow along the mountain's brow. The vegetable world is dead; and crusted is the ground with chilling frost. No songsters now enliven the grove; but all is mute, save when the rising winds proclaim the power of all subduing winter. The feathered tribes now droop beneath the shelving rock; or now & then attempt a feeble flight, to pick their scanty fare, where withered weeds scatter around their fallen branches, and sow their seeds for the coming year. But few, and those of hardy race, venture the inclement storm, and cut their way through falling sleet, and the chilled atmosphere. Now flocks and herds, tamed and made social by the piercing cold, crowd around the well-stored barn, eye the lowering heavens, snuff the coming storm, and, with eloquent low ask their apportioned boon; while the generous steed, housed from the keener air, neighs at his master's well-known step, and gratefully receives his bounty. No living creature now but shivers, droops, and dreads the long-protracted night, which cuts short the day, and hides the sun's returning beams.

Amid these scenes, this dreary waste of winter, what, O man, should be thy contemplations? How should thy mind be occupied? He who commands the seasons to roll, is the author of thy life. He set this world in order for thy habitation; and none of its changes come round, but they come fraught with instruction for thee if thou wilt make use of that wisdom which is thy portion. Open then the eyes of thy understanding, and behold in this season the emblem of man, when arrived to old age. The blood which danced with pleasure in the spring-time of life, beat high and fervid in the summer of youth, and in the autumn of maturity moved strong, though temperate, urged on by great designs; now cold and sluggish, scarce crawls along the veins. The shivering and benumbed limbs, but feebly perform their office. All the nobler affections of the heart are grown listless, languid.

Society cannot charm, friendship cannot warm the decaying spirits, nor aught rouse up the once alert and active passions. Cold winter has come, and frozen almost to the bottom, the stream of life: slowly it trickles along, scarce perceived, and soon shall cease. But the passing season invites the thoughtful to look further than this, and behold an emblem of death.

However vigorous and active may now be the youthful frame, after a few more returning winters, it shall be, as now are the frozen clods of the valley, bereft of life and motion, nor feeling aught of any passion; there to sleep during the long winter of the grave: until the spring return, re-open the bud of life, and expand its leaves anew; as shall be the case with the vegetable world, which now lies cold and dead, shrouded in a frosty grave. Art thou then, O man, whosoever thou art, prepared for this long and dismal winter, that is so soon coming? Hast thou laid in a store of such provisions as thou mayest need? Hast thou secured a right to draw upon that rich treasury, which God has laid up in his Son; and to be dispensed in just proportion to all such as love and fear him, and have wrought faithfully in his vineyard, while the season of labor lasted? If thou hast had the wisdom to make this preparation in good time, it shall assuredly last until the spring of immortality returns; a spring that will be perpetual; ever smiling and delightful, in which the tempest of evil shall be no more, the pinching frost of sorrow and mourning shall not appear; but there shall be one eternal sunshine, from the countenance of the Almighty.

When the labour and business of the short lived day is over, seated by the cheerful fireside, think of the comforts you enjoy from civilization and the arts, and thank the Author of your being, that he has cast your lot amid so many blessings. Housed within the well-ceiled room, with a bed of down for your repose, encompassed with a manifold covering shorn from the harmless flock, you hear the tempest roar; it beats in vain against your dwelling: you

regard not its rage. The all piercing frost cannot approach you. You sleep away the long and dreary night undisturbed. In the morning you renew the blazing hearth; around you throng your prattling offspring, who greet you with smiles. After adoring his goodness, who hath preserved you during the midnight hour, a comfortable repast sends you again to your labour or your business. If a view of these blessings is not sufficient to excite in you emotions of gratitude and praise, cast your contemplations into the wilderness, and contrast your situation with that of the savage, but half inclosed by his ill-constructed hut: On the cold ground he lies; the pitiless storm beating upon his naked head; and his limbs but ill clad in the spoils of some recent slaughtered beast. Cold and comfortless his fare; uncheery and unsocial his hours. Few indeed his wants, but as few his pleasures. He drags on a life that is little more than one continued blank. For this wide difference, for those pre-eminent advantages which civilized man enjoys above the savage; advantages introduced by inventive genius, aided by inspiration, unbounded thanks are due; and how doubly due at this inclement season, when so many benefits are resulting from them; when every moment they are administering comfort, and swelling the pleasures of life. Not to be thankful, would indicate more insensibility than hardens the heart of a savage. Not to be sensible of the favours conferred thus on polished society, would argue more stupidity than one would willingly own. And not to wish that the blessings might be extended wherever man is found, would argue a selfish ingratitude, too base to be found dwelling in the bosoms of those professing to be christians.

Are you in affluent circumstances, enjoying all the comforts and conveniences of a well-constructed dwelling, and a plentiful table? Are your granaries and cellars stored with all the necessaries of life? and your cup and your basket running over with elegancies from foreign climes, poured into

them in exchange for your full coffers. Have you your warm apartments, and downy beds for repose, in which you are lulled to sleep by the roaring tempest, but feel none of its power? Then recollect, that even in civilized life, among your neighbors, there are those who are shivering before a small pittance of fire, while the cold blast pierces the humble cottage at numerous chinks, & their little ones hovering round in tattered garments, scarce knowing what it is to have enjoyed a full meal. At the recollection of this, doth not charity glow in your bosom? Doth she not admonish you to put forth a helping hand? She bids you find employment for such as are able and willing to be employed; and to those who are unable she bids you give a portion of such as you have: to comfort them with fuel from your forests, if you have them; or with food from your stores; and above all, with advice and direction, how in future they may ward off want and necessity. Thus will you draw down upon you the blessings of him who hath no helper. They who meet you in the gate, will do you reverence; and you will treasure up a store against the time of need, infinitely preferable to that which is dispensed.

There remains yet one duty more, peculiar to the season, on which it is useful to discant. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast." Expose not, then, the animals subject to your authority to needless inconveniences, but house and feed them to the utmost of your power. The docile horse, who carries you with so much speed from place to place, who with so much alacrity obeys your commands, deserves this care. The patient ox, who transports fuel to your door, for your present comfort; the cow, who affords you so much nourishment; and the tender flocks who lend you their coats to defend your limbs from the present cold, have a claim, in return, upon your tenderness. Mark how they shiver and tremble, when excluded from the warm shelter; how piteously they moan and ask for their portion of meat in its sea-

son; and with how much gratitude they receive it at your hands. Exercise tenderness and humanity towards them, and it will habituate you to the duty towards men. It will invigorate the kindly emotions, which know not how to endure the sight of pain and misery, without endeavoring to afford relief; and which of course will not inflict them without manifest reason and necessity.

In the study and practice of these duties, spend thy nights and days.—While the hoar frost is scattered abroad like ashes; while the snow descends like wool, to cover the face of the earth; or the hail rattles against thy dwelling; with reverential awe remember whose Hand rules the raging elements, whose Almighty Power restrains their fury, that they rend not thy habitations, to crush thee in its ruins, or turn thee out naked and cheerless in the cold. To that Being who brings about the seasons, let gratitude swell thy heart, and praise dwell on thy tongue, for his daily mercies. Wait thus the return of spring; when the snows shall dissolve, the streams shall be unbound from their icy fetters, and the now crusted soil shall again yield to the cultivator's hand, and be prepared to pour forth its treasures for thy sustenance and comfort, when winter again shall return.—*Churchman's Magazine.*

From the Catskill Recorder.

GLEANINGS.

THE FATE OF INVENTION.

DIONYSIUS the tyrant, ordered the most ingenious artist in his dominions to build a subterranean prison, consisting of inextricable labyrinths, for the purpose of immuring the unhappy victims of his vengeance for life. After it was finished, much to the satisfaction of the despot, the too *successful artist*, lest he should divulge "the secrets of the prison house," or lend a clue to unravel the gloomy maze of the ancient Bastille, was the first prisoner whom the tyrant confined therein.

Phalaris formed a brazen bull, so contrived that the cries of any person enclosed in it should resemble the roaring of that animal. He gave it as a rare present to his tyrannic master, informing him of its qualities, and advising him to use it as an instrument for punishing offenders, by placing it over a large fire and *baking* its miserable tenant to death. The King, pleased with the idea, and anxious to make an experiment of its *virtues*, ordered the inventor to be duly placed in the bull, who, however unambitious of the honor, proved the first victim of his ingenuity.

The builder of the first *Stocks* ever erected in *Boston*, for charging too high a price for his labour thereon, was *adjudicated* to give the public a two-hours sample of their use in correcting the consciences of the people.

The inventor of the *Maiden*, in *Scotland*, a machine for beheading, expired on the scaffold his art had erected.

So also Dr. *Jean Guillotine*, formerly a member of the French National Assembly from *Lyons*, and who was the inventor of the machine which bears his name, was reduced a head shorter by the work of his own hands.

Kindersley in his *Specimens of Hindoo Literature*, says the Hindoos believe not only in a future, but also in a *PRIOR* state of existence; and the particulars of this doctrine seem to be nearly as follows; viz

That man is born into this world *seven times as man*. That according to his conduct in each state of existence, is his birth, fortune, &c. in the succeeding one. That when good men are entirely purified from all imperfection, they no longer are detained in the *sea of mortal existence*, but are transferred to different degrees of bliss: and, finally absorbed into the infinite ocean of eternal life, God:—while bad souls are sent to do further penance on earth, in the bodies of jackalls, crows, pigs, &c. &c. or sometimes of demons.

VARIETY.

SERIOUS DUEL.

A master of a ship, and a gentleman whose avocations led him frequently to the custom-house, had a serious quarrel concerning some fair innamorata, the consequence of which was a challenge on the part of the one which was accepted by the other. Unmindful of the heinousness of the act they had in contemplation, and of the direful consequences likely to result from it, they met according to appointment, at the back of the Mount, on Wednesday evening last, each armed with a brace of pistols, and attended by his second and his surgeon, where, the ground being marked out, the combatants exchanged six—*words*; and then, probably recollecting the penalty to which persons are subjected for letting off fire arms at that place, on account of the injury done thereby to the gardens, in frightening away the birds, they mutually agreed to adjourn to a neighbouring public house, where, being accommodated with a proper room they exchanged a *shot* of four-glasses of ale, shook hands, and parted good friends. We admire the choice of their shot, and earnestly recommend the use of it to all future duelists.—*London paper of Nov. 12.*

FROM THE SKETCHES OF NATURE.

When the arm of some tender wife, pillows the head of a faithful husband—when she wipes from his brow the cold dew of dissolving nature; when eye meets eye, and in mute eloquence announces the throbbings of an agonizing heart!—then it is that this *Victor of the world* surrounds us with a scene that humanity wants fortitude to sustain.

A MOVING SPEECH.

An indifferent pleader asked Catullus, "Have I not succeeded in making a very moving speech?" "Certainly," said he, "for some of your audience pitied you, and the rest walked out of court."

THEOLOGICAL PUN.

A parishioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this passage in scripture—"He was clothed with curses as with a garment." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had got a habit of swearing."

ANECDOTE.

A well-known simpleton, who has for many years been employed in carrying the corn to mill, for the poor-house in this town in which he lives, was one day accosted by the miller in the following manner,—“John, they say you are a fool—that you don’t know any thing.” “Hah, hah! (said John) that can’t be true, for I do know some things, though I may not know other things. But I can tell you what I *do* know, and what I *don’t* know.”—“I’m glad to hear it, (replied the miller; now let us hear, John, what you *do* know.” “I know (answered John) that the miller’s hogs grow fat.” Very well, very well, that’s true, John; now please to inform me what you *don’t* know.” “I don’t know, (cried John, scratching his head) *whose corn they are fed on.*”—*Boston Palladium.*

A gentleman seeing a lady hold an Act of the Assembly before her face to keep the fire off, said she was like an insolvent debtor, she was taking the benefit of the act.

HOW TO MAKE A BASE VOICE.

A man in England was observed on a cold evening, sitting on a small bridge with his naked feet in the stream. Being asked the reason for so singular a measure, he replied he was trying to catch cold, that he might sing a better base on the next Sunday.

OBJECT REFLECTED.

A home-spun astronomer, not long since fancied, and reported to his neighbours, that the moon was inhabited, for he had discovered a *he-goat* in it.—A by-stander observed, he thought more probably the moon had been transformed into a mirror.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

AN ELEGY,

ADAPTED TO A CITY CHURCH YARD.

IN IMITATION OF GRAY.

HARK ! 'tis the signal knell of parting day ;
The watchman faithful at his post we see ;

A throng of idlers mingle at the play,
And leave the town to silence and to me.
Dark shades succeed the twilight's fainting gleam,

And the proud walls and lofty spires obscure ;
Save where the lamp emits a feeble beam,
To light the stranger on his way secure-

Save that, where hallow'd tapers incense raise,
And round devotion's holy altar shine,*
Where christians wont to chaunt their Maker's praise,

And meekly listen to his truth's divine.
Where tow'rs this Gothick structure† to the sky,

And many a tomb its sacred walls surround ;

Pensive I stray, where thousands mould'ring lie,
Beneath the stately monumental mound.

The hum of morn, that wakes the cares of day,
The crier's song, nor cannons thund'ring roar ;

The ratt'ling coach that shakes the paved way,
Shall rouse them from their lowly beds no more !

For them, no more, shall blaze the social fire,
Or pleasure's train the tedious hours beguile ;

Nor beauty, wake to extacy, the lyre,
Or cheer the soul desponding, with her smile.

Oft did their eloquence fair virtue guard,
Their valor oft, sweet innocence protect ;

How rich did India's mines their toils reward,

How their gay palaces in splendor deck'd
Let not proud envy pine, while some possess,
Their glit'ring wealth and elevated state ;
Nor penury mistake for happiness,
The glist'ning pomp and grandeur of the great.

The boast of pride, the pomp of royalty,
And beauty, wealth and power, await their doom ;

All sink alike with frail mortality,
The paths of human glory reach the tomb !
Nor ye, in whose cold breast, the love of fame,

Ne'er rous'd the dormant powers of the soul ;

Impute it wrong, if tablets tell their name,
And mem'ry their illustrious deeds extol.

Tho' sculptur'd eulogy's, sublime essay,
Can ne'er re-animate the silent dead ;
Yet emulation kindles at the lay,
That points to worth and valor's lowly bed.
For in this much frequented spot's conceal'd,

The sacred dust to fame and mem'ry dear ;

The champions of the senate and the field,
With HAMILTON and LAWRENCE, slumber here.

Fair science dawn'd propitious on their brow,

Nor sage philosophy her spoils deny'd ;
But ah ! too soon, did they in glory bow,
And sink in death, Columbia's boast and pride.

Full many a saint, with Heavenly thoughts inspir'd,

May, while in youth, be call'd to yield his breath,

Full many a hero with proud courage fir'd,
May still be doom'd to an untimely death.

Some Rev'rend sage,* whose eloquence sublime,

Made many a stubborn Felix trembling weep ;

The poet, statesman, now the spoils of time,
With faded beauty, here, promiscuous sleep.

* Evening devotion. † Trinity Church.

* Bishop Moore.

'Twas their's to plead in virtue's heavenly
cause,

And point the anxious soul to bliss above ;
And these to list to popular applause,
That spoke a nation's gratitude and love.

Mark the proud fabric o'er their ashes
plac'd,

Where Sculpture stands the pride of arts
confest ;

The muse's plaintive eulogy is trac'd,
That tells vain man, here thou shalt find
thy rest.

Their names, their years, their exit and their
deeds,

Engrav'd, in taste and elegance, appear,
And whilst the faithful line their mem'ry
pleads,

Shall oft receive the tribute of a tear.

Yet in each feeling breast, shall still survive,
The fame and virtues of the fallen friend ;

And his* who fell at honour's shrine shall
live,

When time and earthly honours have an
end.

And should some passing stranger kind in-
quire

What cruel fate hath laid thee here so
soon ;

Or what misfortune quench'd thy glowing
fire,

And caus'd thy brilliant sun to set at noon,

With tearful eye shall some survivor tell,
Oft have we seen him at our courts of
state ;

While crowds obey'd the signal of the bell,
To listen to his eloquent debate.

There at the forum, as in field he stood,
Like some tall pine or formidable oak,

That waves its top o'er the surrounding
wood,

So look'd this champion as he fearless
spoke.

One morn I miss'd him ; vacant was his
place,

In senate, church and mourning family ;

Another came, yet no resembling trace,

Of our lamented HAMILTON was he.

* General Hamilton.

The next with solemn dirge, thro' crowded
streets,

Slow to the church yard throng'd, we saw
him borne :

Approach and read the lay, that sad com-
pletes

His bright career, and whilst thou redest
mourn.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies entomb'd, beneath his native
earth,

A man on whom both fame and fortune
smil'd ;

But fate had frown'd on his illustrious birth,
And honour mark'd him for her fav'rite
child,

Bright both his talents and his virtues shone,
Resplendent as yon meteors of Heaven ;

And since to error human nature's prone,
Then Oh ! may his and thine both be for-
given.

And now forbear ; nor blame his hallow'd
shade,

For he has gone to make atonement due ;
Lamented sage, thy precious life has paid,

The debt of nature and of error too.

PHILECIUS.

SOLUTION

OF CHARLES' CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

He that has bow'd before the fair,
And ask'd a smile, a favour there,

Can answer once, and once again,
The *Plea* was seldom made in vain.

He that beheld propitious rise,
The little beauty of his eyes,

And saw the hand that snatch'd its breath,
Will own there's nothing *sure* but death.

He that hath taken up the lyre,
And glowing with religious fire,

In gentle accents bid it ring,
May boast a flight on *Plea-sure's* wing.

R. S. C. V.

ANOTHER ANSWER.

We often make a *PLEA* in vain,
And nothing's *SURE* but death below,

Tho' all pursue but few obtain,
'Tis *PLEA-SURE* Charles would ever

KNOW. DEWIER

TO MISSES ELIZA CAROLINE, AND CORNELIA—AND MISTERS AMICUS AND J. L.

WITH a grateful sense of the honor conferred on him by the above Ladies and Gentlemen. Charles presents his compliments to them individually, and assures them that he returns his most unfeigned thanks for the attention that they have bestowed on his PEASANT. He will feel particularly honoured by a continuation of their much esteemed favours—and he begs leave to offer to their attention, through the medium of the Museum, the following—

CHARADE.

No. 3.

My *first* was form'd to please the list'ning ear,
And o'er it, many of my *next* were drawn;
My rustling *whole*, to female eyes is dear,
Streak'd like the bow, or dappled like the dawn.

CHARLES.

CHARADE.

My *first* your coffee must prepare,
And wheat and corn for daily use;
My *next* a weight, which vessels bear,
My *whole*, a Poet's name produce.

CORNELIA.

[A Solution is requested.]

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1817.

Intelligence.

Never perhaps, was there more suffering among the poor and laboring classes in this city, than at present—nor a louder call on those who have the means to relieve suffering humanity.—The *Humane Society* have just made a report of their proceedings for the past year, in which they state, that

“During that period, eleven hundred and twenty persons, confined on civil process, have been supplied by the Society with food, and in many cases with covering. 24,739 quarts of soup have been delivered from the Soup House, of which 20,430 have been sup-

plied to the prisoners, 3816 have been issued for tickets, and 1293 have been sold at the Soup House. The receipts into the treasury have been \$465 14 cents; and the expenditures during the same period, \$1051 52 cents, leaving a balance against the Treasury of \$586 37 cents.

“The Society in presenting their Annual Report, are constrained, also, to make an appeal to the benevolence of their fellow-citizens, and they make it this time with feelings of unusual interest.

“The number of debtors supported in the prison is unusually great, and the calls of the poor to be supplied with soup from the institution are daily increasing.”

In order to relieve the distresses of the poor a new established Soup House has been opened in Franklin-street, near the Arsenal, from which, on Thursday forenoon, 3853 individuals were fed.

Saturday morning last, the 15th inst. is said to have been the coldest known for many years—the Thermometer being as low as 7 degrees below Zero.

It is said, on the night of the 17th Jan. at New-Orleans, a capt. Slater, together with his crew, was frozen to death.

A letter from a Senator at Washington dated Feb. 12, says, “This being the day assigned for counting the votes for President and Vice-President of the United States both Houses of Congress met, at 12 o'clock, in the Chamber of the House of Representatives, and there proceeded to the discharge of this solemn duty. The votes were—

FOR PRESIDENT.

James Monroe,	183
Rufus King,	34

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

Daniel D. Tompkins,	183
John E. Howard,	22
James Ross,	5
John Marshall,	4
Robert Goodloe Harper,	3

Whereupon, the President of the Senate declared JAMES MONROE President, and DANIEL D. TOMPKINS Vice-President, of the United States, for four years, commencing on the fourth day of March next—and thereupon the Senate withdrew to their Chamber."

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

Extract of a letter from Bristol, (Maine,) dated Feb. 7, 1817.

One of the most distressing occurrences took place in the town of Jefferson, last night, that was ever known in this district. The dwelling of Mr. W. Whitehouse was consumed by fire, with its whole contents, and what is most distressing, himself, and his wife, and three children, perished in the flames! Mrs. W. had been confined four days in childbed. Herself and infant slept in one bed, and two children in another bed in the same room. Mr. W. in another room with two other children, and the sister of Mrs. W. slept in another apartment. From the information obtained from the surviving children and woman, it seems Mr. W. discovering the house to be on fire, caught the 2 children that were with him, and threw them in the snow, and being almost suffocated with smoke, ran out at the door to recover breath; then returned and caught his wife's sister, and threw her out of a window of the lower apartment, who was insensible of her situation until awakened out of doors. He then attempted to rescue his wife and other children, but perished in the attempt. After the house was consumed, there was nothing of the remains of the three children to be discovered, but part of the bones of Mr. and Mrs. W. were seen, and from the position they were in, it would appear she had gotten out of bed and was near the door that led to the entry, and that he lay in the entry. He undoubtedly was smothered before he could reach the room where his wife and children were. It is supposed by many, that the fire caught

by ashes being deposited in a wooden box; my opinion, however, is, that there was a fire left burning in the sick woman's apartment, and that a brand fell out on the floor. This ought to serve as a solemn warning to all, not to take up ashes in wooden vessels, nor to leave fires burning without some person to watch them.—*Bost. Patriot.*

Not having room to gratify all our Charade correspondents, we are under the necessity of confining this department of our paper to two answers and two questions each week, and of taking such as shall be first offered, or most approved.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. John F. Gould, to Miss Jane Louisa Graham, eldest daughter of N. B. Graham, esq. all of this city.

By the right rev. bishop Hobart, Robert Tillotson, esq. to Miss Emily Gouverneur, second daughter of the late Nicholas Gouverneur, esq. of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 39 persons during the week ending on the 15th inst.

DIED.

Mr. Peter Williamson, formerly a resident of Kingston, Jamaica.

Mrs. Susan B. Abbott, wife of Mr. Abijah Abbott.

Mrs. Margaret Bryson, wife of Mr. David Bryson, aged 31.

Mr. Edward Moran, aged 67.

Mrs. Sally Gould, wife of Mr. Stephen Gould.

Mrs. Ursula Curtis, wife of Mr. William Curtis.

At Trenton, Mr. Ebenezer Cowell, aged about 70—a man of education, and once a professor of Law in Hunterdon county. Notwithstanding he possessed a very considerable estate, such was his disposition, that he actually lived alone for many years a life of the most wretched poverty and suffering, and was found dead in his house on the morning of the 15th instant, supposed by the extreme cold of that night.

"AND HE DIED."

Thus ends the tale of man's highest earthly glory. The history of the wise, the opulent, the aspiring, the powerful,—of all men, of every description,—cannot otherwise terminate than with this brief and humbling clause, "and he died."—While this alone can conclude the records of the great, how many thousands have no other memorial—how many millions pass away without even this lean tribute to their memory! Well may each of us address the Giver of life in the language of David; "Behold thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity." The "many inventions" of the restless soul, and all the desires and bustle of transient life, are swept away by one faint blast of death. The present inclement season is an appropriate emblem, and should remind us of our present frail state of existence—

"Pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding WINTER comes at last,

And shuts the scene."

Gloomy indeed would be the prospects of man, were his existence commensurate only with his present state. Then, as now, the stupid would pass heedless on; but all the boasted powers of the thoughtful would only tend to aggravate their doom. To them, every pleasure would be chilled; the ardour of enterprise damped, if not extinguished; and even the pursuits which engross the attention of the good and great, would seem as bubbles. But happier prospects await him that believeth. Death, which bounds the plans and pleasures of the worldly, is to him the day-spring of existence. Death, which strips them of their dear possessions, and consigns them to destruction, leads him to the full enjoyment of his inheritance. Death, which appears to them a horrid spectre, is to him

the smiling messenger of eternal consolation; in view of which, he can triumphantly exclaim, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"—*Catskill Recorder.*

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of the decline and fall of the Roman empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the bard Gray.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

There are more honest men in prison than in office.

A rich fool is like an overgrown hog.

A woman who is never spoken of is praised the most.

Modesty is female courage.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

BROILING EELS.

Broiling eels on the gridiron, is much the best way; in order to prepare them put them in cold ashes and pour on some warm water, then rub them down and rinse them, which takes off all the slime—then put a small stick through the gills and hang them up in the sun until they get stiff—cut off their heads, split them on the back, take out the back bone, and they are fitted for broiling.

THE MUSEUM

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